

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FROM ALL AROUND THE CITY.

Current Local Events of the Day Briefly Told.

Bite of Facts and Gossip Gathered on the Streets by Times Reporters—Points Political, Social and General Happening Yesterday.

Preaching at the Bee Hive Building To-night.
Rev. J. B. McIntire, of the Primitive Baptist Church, will preach at the Bee Hive building, on Commonwealth avenue, to-night.

Lightning Strikes an Electric Light Pole.
An electric light pole on Jefferson street and Fourth avenue, near Knopp's livery stable, was struck by lightning Sunday afternoon.

The Y. M. C. A. Have a Tennis Court.
The Y. M. C. A. have fitted up a new tennis court on the vacant lot adjoining the building on Jefferson street for the amusement of the members.

Sunday-School Picnic at Carr's Woods.
The mission Sunday school which has been successfully conducted at Carr's woods for some time, will hold their annual picnic at that place to-day.

Business Men's Prayer Meeting To-night.
The business men's prayer meeting will be held to-night at 8 o'clock in the lecture room of the First Presbyterian Church. A large attendance is desired.

Large Docket at Police Court.
A large docket than usual confronted Justice Turner at the police court yesterday morning and the collections were good. Over twelve cases were disposed of.

Meeting of the Sewer Committee.
The sewer committee of Council held a meeting last night and organized for the year's work. Plans were discussed and the work of the committee generally outlined.

Meeting of the Young People's Meeting.
The regular weekly meeting of the Young People's Union of the First Baptist Church was held last night in the lecture room. The meeting was well attended and was led by A. A. Johnson.

Rain Interferes With the Grove Meeting.
The rainstorm Sunday afternoon prevented the Y. M. C. A. meeting being held at Woodland Park at that time. The meeting next Sunday will be held there, and will be led by Rev. W. F. Hamner.

Festival of the Little Builders.
An interesting and pleasant festival was given last night by the Little Builders of the Christian Church, at the corner of Seventh avenue and Second street n. w. The festival will be continued to-night.

Preaching at Belmont by Rev. J. C. Hall.
Rev. John C. Hall, a Primitive Baptist minister of Franklin county, preached Sunday morning at Cabiness hall, in Belmont, and returned to his home yesterday morning on the Roanoke and Southern train.

Funeral of Mrs. Payne.
The funeral of Mrs. Isabella F. Payne was conducted from Greenes-Memorial Church Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, by Rev. W. F. Hamner. A large number of friends followed the remains to the grave at Fairview Cemetery.

Social at Grace M. E. Church.
The Young People's Society of Grace Methodist Church will hold a social to-night in the basement of the church. Preparations have been made that will insure a very pleasant time. All members of the congregation are invited to attend.

Assaulted Him With an Ice Pick.
Robert McGee, colored, who hit Frank Morris, also colored, with an ice pick, in the rear of Catogni's restaurant last Saturday, was tried at the police court yesterday before Judge Turner. McGee was sent on to await the action of the grand jury.

Moonlight Picnic at Carr's Woods.
The moonlight picnic given in Carr's woods last night, for the benefit of the Alert Fire Company, was most decidedly a success. A large number of people attended and the gaities were kept up until a late hour. The picnic will be continued to-night when new features will be introduced and preparations made for a jolly good time.

Moonlight Fete To-night.
The Ladies' Aid Society of St. John's Church will give a moonlight fete on the lawn of the residence corner of Twelfth avenue and Commerce streets on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, 17th and 18th of July, the proceeds to go toward liquidating the debt on said church. Attractions in the afternoon for children. Take cars to Walnut avenue.

The Cancer Could Not Be Removed.
Dr. Hodgson, assisted by Doctors Jones, Downey and Harrison, performed an operation on Pryor Woodson yesterday afternoon, their purpose being to remove a cancer from his left side. When the incisions were made it was discovered that the cancer was tied down to the back bone and several vital organs and therefore it could not be removed.

Pastors' Conference.
The regular weekly pastors' conference yesterday morning was presided over by Rev. W. F. Hamner in the absence of the president, Rev. E. B. Polard. There were present Revs. Anderson, Broughton, Campbell, Anthony and Van Low. No business was transacted except the acceptance of the reports of the Sunday services at the various churches and the regular routine business of the week.

In the Hustings Court.

Argument in the several chancery causes were heard by Judge Woods in the Hustings court room yesterday. A special grand jury will be sworn in at 4 o'clock to-day for the adjournment of Judge Horsley's court, to inquire into some alleged acts of embezzlement. The case of the Commonwealth vs. T. S. Kennerly is docketed for to-day, but it is hardly likely the matter will be tried until after the contested election cases are disposed of.

Two Horses Drowned in a Swollen Stream.
A pair of good horses belonging to Dr. F. E. White were drowned in a small stream that was swollen by the hard rains Sunday afternoon, about fifteen miles east of the city, between Chambersburg and Stewartville, in Bedford county. The team was driven by Robert Bowyer, colored, who was bringing home a hack full of colored people. The driver cut the traces but the hack filled with water and the horses were pulled under by the breast straps. The horses and buggy were washed 100 yards down the stream. One of the horses was at one time owned by Dr. St. John who paid \$250 for him. The driver lost from his pockets during the excitement \$6 belonging to Dr. White and \$19 of his own money.

Marshall and Wendell Piano.
This celebrated piano appeals to the highest musical taste, and is recommended by leading musicians everywhere. In fact it is the artists' favorite. Call at the Hobbie Music Company and examine the latest styles just received, and you will understand why.

Attention, Pythians—Members of Osceola Lodge, No. 47, K. of P.
You are hereby notified to appear at our castle hall this (Tuesday) evening at 4:45 o'clock to attend the funeral services of our deceased brother, H. V. Gray. By order of the Chancellor Commander, J. E. REICHAERT, Acting K. of R. and S.

THE 20 cent round trip rate on Salem line will be discontinued from this date. ROANOKE STREET RAILWAY CO.

A horse kicked H. S. Shafer, of the Freemoyer House, Middleburg, N. Y., on the knee, which laid him up in bed and caused the knee joint to become stiff. A friend recommended him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which he did, and in two days he was able to be around. Mr. Shafer has recommended it to many others and says it is excellent for any kind of a bruise or sprain. This same remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by the Charles Lyle Drug Company, druggists.

Free Pills.
SEND your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c per box. Sold by Christian & Barbee, druggists.

Notice, Water Consumers.
WATER rentals for the quarter (July, August and September) are now due. Consumers are hereby notified to call at the office of the Roanoke Gas and Water Company, room 210 Terry building, and pay same. Water may be cut off from consumers who do not pay their bills on or before July 20. An additional charge of 50 cents will be collected for turning off water. J. C. RAWN, Manager and Engineer.

MAGNETIC NERVINE quickly restores lost manhood and youthful vigor. Sold by Christian & Barbee.

Summer Homes Guide Book.
The passenger department of the Richmond and Danville railroad has issued a Summer Homes Guide Book, giving a complete list of more than 600 hotels, boarding houses and resorts on and near its line in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama, with location, terms, etc. This work is beautifully illustrated and from its complete list of resorts tourists and pleasure seekers can select a summer home at any rate they may desire.

Summer excursion tickets are now on sale at reduced rates. Copies of "Summer Homes" can be had by applying to the nearest Richmond and Danville railroad agent or to W. A. Turk, general passenger agent, Washington, D. C.

California Excursions.
The well known Phillips Excursion Company have arranged to run week y excursions to all principal California and other Pacific Coast cities from all points on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

The parties will leave the East on Wednesday of each week, commencing January 17th, and passengers will be booked through to destination. There are no Pacific Coast tours offering as good accommodations at less expense. For full information address A. Phillips & Co., No. 111 S. 9th street, Philadelphia, or call on nearest ticket agent B. & O. R. R. Co.

INFLAMED, itching, burning, crusty and scaly skin and scalp of infants soothed and cured by Johnson's Oriental Soap. Sold by Christian & Barbee.

J. W. SEMONES, D. D. S. DENTIST
132 Salem avenue,
Over Traders' Loan and Trust Company

IN THE STEEL MILLS.

A WORKMAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST DAY AT HOMESTEAD.

Awed by the Deafening Noise and Roaring Flames and Blistered by the Terrible Heat—The Fate of One Poor Man—Tossed With Aching Bones at Night.

When I went to the superintendent and asked for work, he said, "What can you do?"

"Anything. I am large, strong, active and willing. I have been about machinery all my life and want work badly."

He touched a button, and a boy appeared. "Show this man down to the converting mill and ask Fred if he can do anything for him. Good morning!" he said, and my interview was over.

I put on my new overalls and jumper and followed my guide down through the mills. We made our way through piles of stock, raw material, rolls, etc., and came at last to the huge converting mill. The superintendent was found and the word delivered. He glanced at me a moment; then said, not unkindly, "You look good and strong. Jump in and help those fellows there on those vessels."

I hardly knew what he meant, but through the smoke and steam I saw some men beneath one of the vessels, or converters, working with sledge and bars to get the bottom off. The mill, with its ponderous and massive cranes, the immense vessels all covered with black scale and soot, the flying sparks, the roaring flames, the lights coming and going, the air filled with steam and smoke, and, finally, the shrill and deafening noise, awed, confused and even disconcerted me more than I should have liked to acknowledge.

I seized a sledge lying near and jumped in. We at last got to the "keys," as they call the wedges which hold the converter together, and by the help of a hydraulic ram took the bottom off. This left a white hot opening 8 feet in diameter and about 6 feet from the ground, under which we must work. It seemed to me as though the skin on my neck and hands would burst with the heat. My clothes even steamed and smoked. How I wished I had been anywhere under the sun—good old Sol—rather than under this fiendishly hot sun hanging so very near us!

When we had the new bottom on, we went up to the platform above the converters and drove the keys home more securely and stopped any small hole there might be with "ball stuff."

A shrieking engine passed by me and swiftly poured into the converter a "heat" of iron. Then the blast was turned on, and a cloud of yellow and saffron flame, mixed with sparks and small particles of metal, rushed out of the mouth of the converter into the air. One of the men caught me by the arm and pulled me away just in time to save me from being seriously burned, for I was not expecting the flame.

By noon I was so tired I could hardly stand, but I stuck to it for all I was worth. During the afternoon I frequently fell down because my knees were too weak to hold me up. My hands were burned and blistered, and my new overalls were filled with holes burned by flying sparks. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while working under the platform, I was startled to see a stream of red fire run over the edge of the platform and strike in the midst of some workmen. As it touched the wet ground it exploded with a report like that of a cannon. The molten metal flew in every direction. Many workmen were burned more or less severely, and in the case of one poor fellow—it makes me sick still to think of it!—the steel came down directly on the head and back. We got him out of the steam and smoke and carefully and tenderly cut his burned clothing from him. As we placed him on the stretcher the burned flesh dropped from his bones.

When I was relieved at 6 o'clock, it seemed as if it would have been utterly impossible for me to live in that mill another hour. I dragged myself to my room and went to bed at once. All that night I tossed and turned my aching bones, trying to get into some position less painful than the last. I was tortured by a thousand grotesque fancies and by the picture of the poor fellow who was burned so badly. At last I got into an uneasy drowse, but I felt as if I had not been asleep a minute when my alarm clock announced to me that it was 4:45, and that I must get up to my 5:10 breakfast. Oh, the misery of that rising and going to the mill! Every bone and sinew seemed as if made of red-hot iron, and the joints as if rusted together.

It was a dark, foggy morning, I found, when, having desperately got up enough will power to dress, I tumbled out to my boarding house. The Pittsburgh smoke and fog are proverbial, but I really think that on that particular morning one might have out tangle chunks out of the black, wet air. The board walks in Homestead are never in repair, and on the way to the mills I stumbled along through mud and stones, over boards and into holes, carrying in my hand my tin dinner bucket, which contained my midday meal.

On my first Sunday we relined the converter, and it became my duty to stand up in the inverted vessel and hand up the ball stuff and limestone with which to reline it. The vessel had been left to cool simply over night, and I suppose the temperature of the dry air inside of it stood at about 140 degrees. I worked as hard as I could, but near noon I fainted, for the first time in my life.

My experience at Homestead was the experience of the majority of workmen there.—"Homestead as Seen by One of Its Workmen" in McClure's Magazine.

GREELY'S MANNERS WERE BAD.

But They Were Forgiven For His Fine After-Dinner Speech.

The genial old philanthropist, Horace Greeley, went to New Orleans after the south had taken him to her heart in grateful recognition of his action in going on the Jeff Davis bail bond, and the people were anxious to show him every attention in their power.

A dinner seemed to be the proper thing, and the markets of New Orleans, than which there are few better in the world, were ransacked to make the occasion as notable for its viands as for the distinction of the guest and the diners. Judge Walker, the veteran editor of The Picayune, presided. He was a great gourmand, and after the manner of gourmands wished none of the fine points of the dinner to be lost to the guest for lack of commentary.

"Mr. Greeley," said he, "these oysters are the best that come to our market, and we think they vie with those of Norfolk. I observe that you are not eating them."

"Well, no," replied Greeley. "The truth is I never could abide shellfish." And he passed.

Then came some delicious green turtle soup, which Judge Walker explained was prepared from the finest fat turtle the Florida bays could afford.

"No doubt, no doubt," was the reply in Greeley's peculiar whine, "but cold blooded animals are an abomination to me."

The pompano, imperial fish that it is, and fresh from the gulf, was open to the same objection, despite Judge Walker's eulogy, and that, too, was passed. Mr. Greeley barely tasted the accompanying Parisian dainty and shook his head ruefully at the idea that anybody would impair his digestion by eating cucumbers. Shrimp salad, another New Orleans delicacy, proved no more tempting. Shrimps, he said, looked so much like worms that they always give him the creeps.

"Ah, here is something you will like—a homely dish in name," said Judge Walker, "but fit for the gods. It is a Gallician ham." And then he went on to tell how the hogs from which these hams were obtained were fed only on chestnuts, making the flesh luscious and delicious.

"Perhaps so, very interesting indeed," observed Greeley, "but do you know, judge, that there is so much talk of trichina nowadays that I wouldn't dare taste a bit of pork."

The judge gave up in despair. The only things in all the array of dainties which had been provided which Mr. Greeley would eat were bread, potatoes and cauliflower, and he feared that he might be overloading his stomach at that. But when it came to the speaking, although he had drunk nothing but cold water, he spoke as one inspired and with a fervor, eloquence and tenderness that nobody at the table could ever forget.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

INVESTIGATING AN ACCIDENT.

The Railroad Engineer Gets Out of Trouble For Running Too Fast.

Superintendent Warren of the Eastern Illinois railway was telling the other evening of a certain engineer in the employ of the road who had been repeatedly cautioned against running too fast. He was running a freight train, and on one portion of his division there was a steep hill. His orders were to never permit his train to go down that hill faster than 15 miles an hour, but it was general belief that whenever he had a safe opportunity he sailed down that grade just as fast as the wheels would turn. One day he did go down the hill so fast that the entire train left the track at the bottom, and there were box cars piled up high. An investigation immediately followed, and the engineer, in railroad parlance, was put on the "carpet." He swore in the most solemn terms that he went down the hill not faster than 15 miles an hour, but that just before reaching the bottom he lost control of the airbrake, and the speed became so great the train could not keep the track; hence the wreck, for which he was not responsible.

"But," said his superintendent, "we have a man here, a farmer, who was on the hillside that day when you came down. He stood at the edge of a clearing, saw you at the top and all the way down, and he will swear that he never saw a train going so fast in all his life, and he is a man 60 years old. He says that it was next to an impossibility to see the wheels. What do you say to that?"

The engineer never hesitated. "I know the man. I saw him the day after the wreck, and he told the same story to me, only there was a little more to it."

"What was that?"

"Why, he told me that it was the first train of cars he had ever seen in his life, and I don't think he would be a very good judge of speed."

There was silence in the room for a few moments, and the engineer got off with a 60 days' suspension.—Chicago Herald.

Ibsen and Tolstoi.

Blumenthal, the great theater manager of Berlin, was once talking with Tolstoi about Ibsen and said: "I have put a good many of his plays on the stage, but I can't say that I quite understand them. Do you understand them?" "Ibsen doesn't understand them himself," Tolstoi replied. "He just writes them and then sits down and waits. After awhile his expounders and explainers come and tell him what he meant."—San Francisco Argonaut.

He Didn't Object.

"But, my dear sir," said the man who procrastinates, "if I pay you this money I will have to borrow it of some one else."

"Very well," replied the cold blooded citizen, "so long as you pay what you owe me I don't object to your owing what you pay me."—American Industries.

CURED BY PASKOLA.

What Pre-Digested Food is Doing for Dyspeptic People.

Its Wonderful Effects—Thin People Rapidly Gain Flesh by Taking Paskola, the Newly Discovered Pre-Digested Food—Remarkable Cures of Indigestion.

Paskola works wonders?

That is what people who take it say, and the statement is repeated by the druggists who sell it. There has never been such a demand for any preparation as there now is for Paskola, the pre-digested food. The druggists say that a large stock of it is rapidly disposed of in meeting the calls that are constantly made for it.

Dyspepsia sufferers, who have tried Paskola as a last resort, after taking every other remedy they could find, have been obliged to notice their symptoms soon disappearing. Pale, thin people who take Paskola rapidly gain flesh.

The fact of the matter is, Paskola is a scientific discovery. It is not an old-fashioned remedy like the greasy, evil-smelling cod liver oil, a relic of a past age. Paskola is the outcome of a modern research and progress. It cures because it is based on correct principles.

Paskola is not a medicine, but a food, pleasant to the taste and agreeable to the weakest stomach. Being pre-digested, it is instantly absorbed by the system when it is swallowed, entering at once into the tissues of the body to form new flesh and blood. It builds up the strength, gives tone to the stomach, enables other food to be properly digested. It cures indigestion, constipation and sickening acid liver oils and other fatty mixtures. Paskola has replaced them.

Children thrive wonderfully when they are given Paskola. They like it, and cannot get enough of it. As a means of imparting health, strength and vigor to the puny little ones it is unsurpassed.

You can obtain Paskola of any good druggist and a free pamphlet will be mailed by the Pre-Digested Food Co., 30 Reade Street, New York.

TARAL, THE KING OF JOCKEYS.

Unparalleled Record of the Famous Pigeon Knight This Season.

Jockey Fred Taral, who is known to turfmen east and west as the Little Dutchman, has just reached an apex of popularity to which no knight of the pigeon ever climbed before.

This reward has come after several years of hard, honest work and after a rapid series of sensational triumphs the like of which has never before been known on the American turf. The climax came when, after winning the Brooklyn Handicap with Dr. Rice as a mount, he rode Ramapo to victory in both the Metropolitan and the Suburban Handicaps.

Taral was born in 1867 in Peoria, Ill., of French and German parents. At the age of 12 he ran away from home to join a horse owner. His first race in public he won, but a long line of discouragements followed. It was on the Washington park course in Chicago that he made his first appearance in a big race. This was eight years ago, when he was but 10. He created a sensation by bringing home winner the mare Della Beach, a 150 to 1 shot. That same season he rode his first race in the east. After winning many victories for various owners he got his first big offer. This was a salary of \$12,000 a year from Campbell & Wolcott. His more recent work on mounts from the stables of the Keenes and other eastern owners has wafted him to the dizzy pinnacle of fame which he now occupies. So many times has he been carried in front of the grand stand seated in floral horseshoes, surrounded by a howling, shouting mob of half-frenzied admirers, that such an occurrence does not disturb his self-possession in the least.

In private life Taral is a well-to-do citizen of New York. He owns a handsome mansion on Lenox avenue above Central park, where he lives with his wife and little boy. He has none of the spendthrift vices that have ruined other good jockeys, and a large part of his generous earnings find their way into the bank where he does business.

GREENROOM GOSSIP.

Jimmy Kitts died recently in Melbourne. He will be remembered as a member of the original San Francisco minstrels.

Mary C. Rowsell and H. A. Saintsbury have made a five act romantic drama called "The Friend of the People," from the novel of that title.

Sarah Bernhardt went to London earlier than she intended in order to see Duse on the stage. Time was when Sarah would not have taken this trouble. It is astonishing how praise of one woman will excite another woman's curiosity.

Beerbohm Tree will begin a 10 weeks' engagement in America at Abbey's theater, New York, on Jan. 28.

W. H. Crane is at Cohasset for the summer, where he is enjoying his favorite pastime of yachting.

Jane Harding, who has been resting since she returned to Paris from her American tour, is soon to appear at the Comedie Francaise.

It is said that Charles Chatterton will soon sail for Europe, and that he will make London his permanent residence.

Frederic Melville is playing the part of Cascares, the hunchback, in "Benamela" at Eldorado, New Jersey.

Eleanor Mayo will this summer go to Europe to pursue the study of music.

The Bartley Campbell Estate Case.

BOARDERS WANTED.

SUMMER BOARDERS CAN BE SUPPLIED with good fare and comfortable rooms at the Salem Female Seminary reasonable. 7 17 18

WANTED-HELP.

WANTED, EIGHT EXPERIENCED waiters at Catogni's restaurant. Call at once. 7 15 17

LOST AND FOUND.

FOUND—THIRTEEN DUCKS AT Huff, Andrews & Thomas' Mill at 5 a. m. July 16. Call at Times office. 7 17 18

WANTED-MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED.—TO BUY A FRESH milch cow. R. P. GOOD, corner Park and Fifth avenue s. w. 7 17 17

WANTED—A COMPLETE LOT OF first class household furniture; will exchange for it either real estate or real estate notes; furniture must be as good as new. Address, "HOUSE-KEEPER," care Roanoke Times. 7 12 18

WANTED—TO LOAN MONEY IMMEDIATELY to every body; \$5 to \$100, 6 per cent. interest. Easy payments. Also a death benefit for old and young not exceeding \$1,000. Cost \$1. Agents wanted. Send stamp for particulars. MUTUAL BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION, Richmond, Va. Josiah Ryland, Jr., president (second auditor of Virginia). 6 16 Su 1m

CASH PAID FOR CAST OFF CLOTHING. Address 15 Salem avenue. 6 13 17

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—SEVEN-ROOM HOUSE, nicely furnished. Address or apply to C. R. EVANS. 7 12 18

THREE NICELY FURNISHED rooms with or without board, with privilege of bath. Terms reasonable. MRS. J. A. TIMBERLAKE, 316 Second street s. w. 5 18

AGENTS WANTED.

\$75.00 A WEEK PAID TO ladies and gents to sell the Rapid Dish Washer. Washes and dries them in two minutes without wetting the hands. No experience necessary; sells at sight; permanent position. Address W. P. HARRISON & CO., Clerk No. 14, Columbus, Ohio. 5 1 17

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

NOTICE—A MEETING OF THE stockholders of the Mineral Development Company will be held July 25, 1894, at 10:30 o'clock a. m., at the office of Hotel Roanoke, Roanoke, Va., to vote for or against resolutions ratifying the purchase of certain lands in Scott, Lee and Wise counties, State of Virginia, and authorizing the increase of the capital stock of the company to \$1,000,000, and authorizing the board of directors to issue bonds of the company to the extent of \$10,000. By order of board of directors. GEO. A. SMITH, Secretary. 6 13, 20, 27, 7 2.

THE IRON BELT BUILDING AND Loan Association—The annual meeting of the stockholders of this association will be held at the office of the association in Roanoke, Va., on Monday, July 23, 1894, at 12 o'clock m. JOHN OTT, Secretary. Roanoke, Va., June 22, 1894. 6 23 to 7 23

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the Norwich Lock Manufacturing Company will be held at its office in Roanoke, Va., July 18, 1894, at 4 o'clock p. m. CHARLES H. DEERE, secretary. 6 17 18

Too Many Pants,
Too Many Shoes,
Too Many Summer Suits.

Determined not to carry the goods over until next season we will close the same at

HALF PRICE.

For instance, a \$4.50 pair pants for \$2.25. A \$4.00 pair shoes for \$2.00. A \$10.00 all-wool suit for \$5.00, etc.

Every pair pants, every pair shoes and every suit is marked in plain figures. Just deduct one-half and pay the other half.

THE SPOT CASH CLOTHING CO.,
40 Salem ave., Roanoke, Va.
(K. & S. old stand.) 7 15 1m

THE CONCORDIA,
HENRY SCHOLZ, Propr.
THE FINEST AND LARGEST GLASS OF BEER IN THE CITY.

SANDWICHES.
AND
W
I
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H
E
S
Fine Imported Swiss Cheese.
Limbarger. Munster. Handcase.
Frankfurter with Fine German
Potato Salad.
Hamburger Steak.
Imported Bologna.
Imported and Domestic Ham.
Caviar. Sardines.

Oysters in Every Style in Season.

FINE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS A SPECIALTY.

Come in and take a nice glass of beer and sandwich instead of a hot dinner.

Organs Tuned and Corrected.
Sewing Machines cleaned, repaired and adjusted. Parts of every description furnished. Orders promptly executed. You are not obliged to wait for "experiments." Good Pneu. Safety for sale cheap. Drop a postal or call. E. J. SWAVELY,
4 23 3m 306 First Street E.